BETWEEN TWO SECONDS: THE PROPHET'S DIALOGUE WITH THE ETERNAL TEACHERS

Bayud Adlam

The night was quiet. Unlike the ordinary night in Makkah, nor like the night of Isra'—this is the night between two seconds, when Buraq has not yet arrived, and time seems to wait with breath held in place.

The Prophet sat on a small stone on the hillside. The wind descends slowly, bringing the aroma of the soil, as well as something that no season recognizes: the smell of very old silence.

The sky is not dark, nor is it light.
It is like a river where the past and the future look at each other.

Suddenly, the leaves moved, and in front of the Prophet appeared a calm man in a pale yellow robe. His face was shady, his eyes were like a mirror of a lake.

The Buddha sat beside the Prophet silently.

"Sometimes," he said, "enlightenment does not arise at the summit of silence, but when you come back down to lead men." The Prophet looked at him, then smiled." And sometimes, leaving the world for a while is necessary for us to understand how to embrace it."

The small trees near them swayed slowly.
His shadow was elongated, slowly changing into another form.

White horses emerge from the dim light. Wheels of a car roll without ground.
A blue-golden man sat in charge.

Krishna came like an echo of a peaceful war.

"Truth," he said, gazing over the horizon, "demands courage to stand up, even when the world does not understand." The Prophet replied, "Courage is when the heart is firm without hatred." Krishna nodded as if hearing the truth that made the wind stop for a moment.

The next wind came bringing the damp smell of the distant valley.
A buffalo passed slowly, as if emerging from a fog that did not kill the shadow.

Behind him sat a gentle-faced old man—
Laozi, the lonely traveler.

"There is a force," he said, patting the side of the buffalo, "that works by not working." The Prophet replied, "And there is an effort that is actually a surrender to the One who moves everything." Laozi chuckled, like leaves greeting each other.

The soil feels like it changes its texture—like a peeled wooden board. The scent of ink, bamboo scrolls, and incense fills the air.

An authoritative man stands as if he is teaching his disciples:
Kongzi, who brings order to the world.

"If humans maintain politeness," he said, "the world doesn't need to be governed by a lot of rules."
The Prophet nodded, "Manners are the root of all goodness."
Kongzi covered his heart with his hands—a sign of respect from the distant Eastern world.

Then there was a light laugh, not insulting, but full of curiosity.
A hard-faced, thick-bearded man stood staring at the Prophet as if testing an answer that had not yet been asked.

Socrates joined that time circle.

"What is true," he said, "is what remains true even though everyone rejects it." The Prophet replied, "And he is still right even when we have to defend him alone." Socrates smiled broadly, as if he had found an old friend he had just met.

The air changed instantly—salty, full of sound away from the split of the water. A golden red light bounced off the foothills.

A man stood with a cane, his breath heavy but his eyes full of fire of determination.
Moses came, bringing the sound of the sea splitting.

"The people can be very difficult," he said quietly. The Prophet looked at him gently." They are not burdens—they are trusts." Moses held his rod more steadily, as if finding the old strength returning.

After that, the air becomes light—very light.
It is as if every burden on earth is lifted temporarily.

A man with the softest face ever sat on the rock next to the Prophet.
It brings an inexplicable shade.

Jesus came with a warmth that didn't require words.

"Sometimes," he said softly, "forgiveness is harder than any miracle." The Prophet replied, "But he who forgives is the one who is closest to God."
Jesus bowed his head, honoring that honesty.

Suddenly, the sound of fire echoed like a bell from the valley. An orange light emerges from the ground, forming a circle.

A tall man stood by the fire, his face serious yet shady.
Zoroaster kept the flame of truth alive.

"Darkness," he said, "will not disappear unless man chooses light." The Prophet replied, "And the choice is renewed daily." The fire swayed slowly as if to allow.

All of them sit in a circle, not exalting each other, not demeaning each other—but recognizing each other that the truth has descended different hills for the same purpose.

Light began to gather in the sky. Footsteps are heard: soft, light, fast like the wind.

Buraq came.

The Buddha clenched his hands. Krishna bowed respectfully. Laozi gave a silent greeting.
Kongzi put his hand on his chest. Socrates smiled with satisfaction. Moses raised his rod as a blessing.
Jesus gave a loving greeting. Zoroaster bowed to the same light they were all looking for.

The Prophet stood up.

"This journey," he said quietly, "is not to leave you. But to continue what you started."

Buraq was humbled. The light rises.

And those teachers faded like echoes that returned to their homes, leaving one of the same messages in the air:

"The truth is one. Our paths are different, but the sun we seek is only one."

ASSEMBLY OF LIGHT: PROPHET MUHAMMAD'S DIALOGUE WITH THE GREAT TEACHERS

There is no day, no night. A clear plain stretches out, where time and history bow respectfully. In the middle of the plain, a gentle breeze flowed that carried the scent of tamarind, Himalayan fir, Indian incense, and desert dust. It was there, one after another, that the seekers of truth from different ages sat in a circle of light.

1. Under the Tree with Buddha

The Buddha sat cross-legged under the Bodhi tree. The leaves move without wind. Muhammad approached, sitting face to face. The Buddha opened the conversation: "Peace is born when desire stops grasping."

Muhammad smiled softly." True. But there is also peace that is born when man surrenders to the Almighty."

Buddha stared inside." You do not reject the world, but subdue it with balance."

Muhammad replied: "You taught man to free himself from suffering. I have come to lead them so that their souls and world are in harmony."

The Buddha nodded: "Truth has many paths, but it always leads to clarity."

And the sound of the leaves is like agreeing.

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2. On the Chariot of War with Krishna

The wind is changing. Suddenly Muhammad stood in a chariot that was moving slowly over the land of Kurukshetra. Krishna, with a calm face, held the reins of a white horse.

Krishna said: "On the battlefield, man discovers who he really is."

Muhammad replied: "The greatest battle is against oneself before fighting the enemy."

Krishna turned his head with a smile: "You fight not with anger, but with justice."

Muhammad replied: "And you taught Arjuna that what is right must be upheld without hating what is wrong."

They both looked at the horizon, where war, man, and the inner world met.

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3. On the Back of a Buffalo with Laozi

Laozi rode a black buffalo, moving slowly towards the west. Muhammad walked beside him.

Laozi said: "Water is the best teacher. It is soft, but it beats stones."

Muhammad said: "And a gentle heart is stronger than the sharpest sword."

Laozi smiled softly: "You organize the world with actions. I arranged it by letting it."

Muhammad: "They are not opponents; action without pride is the highest form of letting God work."

The buffalo continued to take a step, as if agreeing with the wisdom.

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4. In the Hall of Virtue with Confucius

Kongzi sat in the wooden hall, the floor was swept clean, the wind came in from the window slit.

Confucius said: "A good society begins with a good family."

Muhammad replied: "And a good family is built by an honest heart."

Kongzi sighed: "The world order will be broken if people forget manners."

Muhammad: "Adab is the perfume of the soul. Without it, worship loses its aroma."

Both bowed respectfully—two different moral teachers from the east.

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5. In Athens Square with Socrates

Socrates stood, as usual, asking into the air.

"O Muhammad, what is wisdom?" Muhammad replied: "Knowing the limits of oneself."

Socrates smiled broadly: "And recognizing ignorance is the beginning of it."

Muhammad: "The truth is not only known, but lived."

Socrates nodded passionately: "You send wisdom to your people; I just asked."

Muhammad replied: "The question is the door. The truth is the way."

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6. By the Red Sea with Moses

The waves hit the rocks. Moses stood with his staff.

Moses said: "The people are hard, but the love for them is even harder."

Muhammad replied: "The difficulties of the ummah test the patience of the leader."

Moses smiled bitterly: "You are more patient than I have ever seen."

Muhammad said: "Patience is not mine. It is a loan from God."

The sea sparkles like glass.

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7. On The Hill With Jesus

Jesus sat on a rock, breaking an imaginary loader.

"Love is the breath of the law," he said.

Muhammad replied: "And justice is his bone."

Jesus: "You came to perfect, not to break."

Muhammad: "The light of God never dims. We're just a different lantern."

Both of them looked at the valley, where humans were walking towards the light.

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8. In Front of the Fire with Zoroaster

The holy flame burned silently without smoke. Zoroaster stood upright.

"The world is a battle between light and dark."

Muhammad replied: "The light prevails when man's heart is honest with his Lord."

Zoroaster: "You bring clarity that cuts through the mists of the age."

Muhammad: "The light is not from me. I just brought it along."

The flame danced higher.

Cover: Light Assembly

Finally, all the characters sat in a circle. Buddha, Krishna, Laozi, Kongzi, Socrates, Moses, Jesus, Zoroaster.

Buddha said: "You walk in the middle."

Krishna: "You fight without hatred."

Laozi: "You are gentle without weakening."

Confucius: "You have given life to manners."

Socrates: "You love the truth more than life."

Moses said, "You are patient in the storm."

Jesus: "You bring peace to a broken earth."

Zoroaster: "You kindle an unquenchable light."

Muhammad said softly: "The truth belongs to God. We are all just walkers who show the way for humans."

And the light descended, filling the space, like the first morning ever created.

AMONG THE SIGHS OF TIME: THE ASSEMBLY OF TEACHERS AND PROPHETS

That night was not born of the setting sun, nor did it wait for the stars to shine. It comes from a space where silence is older than light. The Prophet sat alone on a rock, on a hillside that was not mentioned historically; this place is no longer Makkah, but it has not yet become the sky.

The ground below was like a heart beating slowly. The wind runs directionless. There was no human voice, but it was as if the whole world was holding its breath.

The Prophet waited for Buraq—a creature that ran between seconds—but before his steps could be heard, time itself opened its door.

The sky lowered a beam of light that was not dazzling. From that light, a silhouette began to form... slowly, like the memories of the earth's childhood.

He sat so close, but brought the silence that came from the forests no longer known to man.

Buddha was present.

No greetings. No announcement.
It sits like water that finds its container.

"When the desire stops screaming," he says, "suffering loses its language."

The Prophet looked at him, not as an inquirer, not as a judge, but as a silent walker who understood what it meant to sit in silence.

"However," replied the Prophet gently, "sometimes suffering does not ask to be silenced, but to be accompanied until he finds his way home."

The Buddha closed his eyes, for a moment. The leaves on the small trees on the hill swayed, even though the wind was not moving.

"You teach me the way out," the Prophet continued, "but I am tasked with bringing people back in, to repair their homes from the inside."

The Buddha opened his eyes slowly." Sometimes, light needs sound," he said. And the calm that flowed from him permeated the ground like dew.

The ground shook softly, like the steps of a formless horse. From behind the thin fog—a mist that was neither cold nor wet—came four white horses, pulling the chariot that did not touch the ground.

A blue-golden glowing man sat on it, his eyes carrying the silence of war and peace that was born afterward.

Krishna was present.

"In a terrain that divides people," he said, holding a strap, "the hardest thing is not choosing who to defend, but choosing who to be."

The Prophet stood up, approaching." And the greatest battlefield is always within."

Krishna laughed softly, like a distant gamelan hum." Arjuna wants to run," he said. "I asked him to stand up. Not because war is beautiful, but because shunning the truth is greater suffering."

The Prophet replied with clear eyes: "But even standing must be without hatred, or victory turns into a new wound."

Krishna stared at him for a long time, as if finding a junction that had been written since the beginning of time.

"You," he said, "unite the courage that does not hurt."

The train slowly faded, but its sound still remained like an echo that didn't want to leave.

From behind the disappearing carriage, heavy steps were heard—slow, patient, like a river searching for its way.

A black buffalo appeared, its eyes calm like an ancient secret. On his back sat an old gentle-faced man, carrying a scroll that had never been fully opened.

Laozi was present.

The buffalo stopped in front of the Prophet.

"The soft," Laozi said without looking, "always triumphs over the hard."

The Prophet smiled slightly." And gentleness is an invisible sword."

Laozi looked at him, like someone who rarely meets a similar soul." You lead by action. I lead by letting it."

The Prophet replied: "And I allow it not to become arrogance."

Laozi laughed like ripples of water." If the world understood that," he said, "then the road would be wide."

The buffalo slowly walked again, disappearing like a shadow that had no body.

The smell of sun-heated ink and bamboo suddenly filled the air. It was as if wooden walls grew out of the ground, forming a simple but graceful hall.

In the middle of the room, an authoritative man stood with both hands behind his back.

Kongzi was present.

"If man loved the good," he said without turning around, "the rules would be light, and the leader would not have to shout."

The Prophet approached him." And if leaders are moral," he replied, "people will not lose their way."

Kongzi turned his head slightly, looking relieved." The world is corrupted," he said, "not because of a great evil, but because of a small good that is ignored."

The Prophet nodded slowly." A little manner," he said, "is the brick of the inner house."

Kongzi paid his respects by placing his hands on his chest, a greeting that transcends time.

From outside the hall, there was laughter that was not cynical but full of questions. One walks at a leisurely pace, as if present to test not to beat.

A bearded man, with a gaze ignited by curiosity that never goes out.

Socrates was present.

"O Muhammad," he said cheerfully, "what is wisdom?"

The Prophet replied without hesitation: "Knowing that we have nothing but trust."

Socrates laughed loudly, full of joy." Ah! I always say that knowing ignorance is the beginning of wisdom!"

The Prophet approached." However, the truth must be lived, not just discovered."

Socrates stopped laughing, then stared inwardly." That," he said, "is a lesson that even my students never want to hear."

And he was silent, for the first time.

Suddenly, the air became salty, heavy with the smell of the sea. The wind carries a distant sound—as if the water had been split here.

A gallant man stood with a cane, his face clouded by long memories.

Moses was present.

"The people," he said directly, without greeting, "can make a prophet cry alone."

The Prophet looked at him with non-judgmental love.

"They are difficult," Moses continued, "but I love them even though they break my heart."

The Prophet put his hand on his chest." They are a mirror of a prophet's patience."

Moses looked at him, and a little light appeared in his eyes." You," he said, "have been given patience that I have not been given."

The non-existent sea roared for a moment.

After the sound of the sea subsides, the air becomes very light—light as cotton, or like a presence that doesn't hurt the wind.

A man stood with eyes full of soft light, his robe moving slowly despite the still air.

Jesus was present.

"Forgiveness," he said softly, "is a sword that does not intend to cut, but to break invisible chains."

The Prophet looked at him with love." And forgiveness is a sign of a person being close to his Lord."

Jesus sat down, staring at the horizon." Love without justice becomes weak," he said. The Prophet replied, "And justice without love becomes savage."

There is nothing more to say.
Their silence is the same as language.

Then, the orange light rises from the ground, not burning, but purifying. The fire is circular like a flower that blooms slowly.

By the edge of the flame stood a stout man, his eyes like embers that were not hostile to the dark.

Zoroaster was present.

"Man," he said, "is always at the crossroads between light and dark."

The Prophet approached him." And every day, they choose who they are."

Zoroaster nodded, "You have laid out the way that makes light possible."

The flame shone a little higher, as if speaking along.

And now they were all present on the hill—Buddha in peace, Krishna in courage, Laozi in quiet stream,
Kongzi in upright manners, Socrates in eternal quest, Moses in honest firmness,
Jesus in caring love, Zoroaster in firm light.

Not as a competitor, not as a challenger, but as small lights that gathered before the big light descended on Muhammad.

The circle was silent. No one felt higher or lower. Each is a stone in God's secret mosaic—and the Prophet is the eye that sees everything put back together.

In the midst of that silence, soft steps rang out.
Like a butterfly running.
Like a light that has legs.

Buraq came.

Its wings expand with a light that makes all the figures look down.

The Buddha clenched his hands. Krishna bowed his head. Laozi put the scroll in his heart.
Kongzi bowed respectfully. Socrates was silent for the first time. Moses held the rod tightly.
Jesus greets love. Zoroaster bowed his head to the light he was defending.

The Prophet got up. The light from the sky descended touching his face.

"This journey," he said, his voice soft as dew, "will take me to the place where all your searches end."

He looked at them, one by one.

"But know," he continued, "that you are the teachers of your day, and I have come not to nullify you, but to perfect what you have taught, so that men may not be led astray by new shadows."

Buraq lowered his body. The Prophet ascended.

And just as his wings flapped his wings, all the figures uttered one sentence together, without sound, but louder than all echoes:

"The truth is one. And You, O Muhammad, are the clearest mirror of that light."

Then the hill was empty again.
The wind is running again. And when he closed the door,
he led the assembly to the secrets of the Lord that were not written on any stone.

If you want to:

- **longer (can be a short novella of 20–30 pages),**
- **full English version,**
- **or the version with more dialogue,**
  just let me know — I'll continue.

ASSEMBLY OF LIGHT: A STORY OF PROPHET MUHAMMAD'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE SEEKERS OF WISDOM

In a stretch of time unbound by the sun or moon, there is a lonely region traversed by Burāq—a tireless being of light. The Prophet Muhammad sat waiting in a valley of light, a place where time drifts away like clear water and all the ages look at each other without colliding with each other. In the valley there is neither morning nor night; It's just that clarity never fades.

Burāq lowered his head calmly, as if he knew the Prophet was waiting for something—or someone—that the human calendar could not measure. A gentle breeze flows, bringing the scent of the earth from various lands, as if combining India, China, Mecca, Greece and Persia into one breath.

Then the light changes. Silence becomes quieter. And the river of time opened its curtains.

In the distance a human was seen sitting under the Bodhi tree. His face was shady, his eyes were like endless wells that swallowed no one but invited anyone to look inward. The Buddha looked at the Prophet from afar, as if he had known him before meeting. Muhammad stepped closer, and the ground turned into a slow-blooming expanse of padma.

The Buddha greets in silence; Muhammad retaliated with peace. Then the Buddha said, "Inner peace is the way to extinguish the fire."

The Prophet smiled, "And the fire is not extinguished except by the light that guides the heart to know its Lord."

The Buddha closed his eyes for a moment, feeling the sentence like a cold wind. "You bring a path that shows deliverance not only from suffering, but from confusion about who we are."

Muhammad replied softly, "And you teach mankind to look within, so that when revelation comes from without, the heart does not reject it."

Both were silent for a moment, but not an empty silence—a meaningful silence.

Burāq moved again, and the valley of light turned into a vast field vibrating with the sounds of chariots, horses, and war songs. Suddenly Krishna stood on a golden chariot that shone like the first dawn to descend. His hands held the horse's leash, while his body exuded an unshakable divine calm.

Muhammad got into the chariot. The wheels of the chariot swung motionlessly, and the battlefield turned like a shadowless that wasn't terrifying, only depicting the inner conflicts of man. Krishna smiled warmly.

"Truth must be fought," he said, "even if the battlefield is oneself."

The Prophet nodded. "And the struggle becomes worship if it is based on love, not anger. Not to defeat other human beings, but to defeat falsehood in oneself."

Krishna played his flute slowly, his notes flowing like a river of Yamuna. "Then you are a warrior who brings grace; Your war is not for the desire for domination, but to liberate man from the tyranny of other men."

The wind also seemed to smile when he heard the conversation of the two great souls.

The valley of light turned again into a soft mist on the banks of the Huang He river. Laozi came on an old buffalo, his face full of simple wisdom. He looked at the Prophet Muhammad with calm eyes, like seeing running water.

"The soft beat the hard," he said.

The Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon him) said, "And the one who is patient overcomes what is not patient."

The two sat by the river, letting the water flow bring unspoken conversations. Laozi stared blankly into the distance. "Living in harmony with the Tao is to unite oneself with the order of the universe."

Muhammad looked up at the sky. "And to live in harmony with God's will is to unite oneself with the source of the universe."

The river seemed to understand that the two teachings came from the same honesty, only different ways of greeting.

From behind the fog, Confucius appeared, walking with the wise steps of a teacher who had traveled to many cities to teach harmony. He was holding a book made of bamboo, but when he saw the Prophet Muhammad, he bowed respectfully like an old friend.

"A noble man," he said, "is the one who improves himself before he improves the world."

The Prophet smiled softly, "And the world will be good when the hearts of men return to God without feeling the most righteous."

Confucius seemed satisfied. "You bring a balance between obedience and compassion, between firmness and gentleness—that's what I want to teach my students."

The two figures do not praise each other; they just recognize each other's light.

From the other direction, a quiet sound of slippers appeared. Socrates came, with a face full of questions and eyes that never stopped searching. He stood before the Prophet and said, "I ask that man find him."

The Prophet replied, "And I was sent that man should find his Lord."

Socrates sighed deeply, as if feeling that the long search had finally found an answer. "If I had lived in your time, maybe my questions would have been fewer and my peace would be more."

Muhammad smiled, "And your question has opened the way for many people to know the meaning of the truth."

The two walked for a moment in peaceful silence.

Then the light changed again into the Persian desert. The swirling wind carried the scent of a holy flame. Zoroaster came, carrying a small flame in a silver bowl.

"The truth crosses time," he said. "And darkness can't touch light, only block it."

The Prophet looked at the fire, then looked at the sky." The true light is not in the fire," he said. "But in the heart that knows who the Creator is."

Zoroaster nodded. "You continue what I brought with you in the past: the battle between truth and tyranny that takes place within every human being."

The desert winds swirled, bringing their glow to the world.

Then the birds descended from the sky. Jesus came, walking softly like the shadow of the wind. Moses emerged from behind the clouds with a rod that emitted moral strength. Both of them greeted the Prophet with the brotherhood of the apostles.

Jesus said: "Compassion soothes the heart."

Moses said: "The law upholds justice."

Muhammad replied, "And mercy binds love and justice together."

The prophets sat together, understanding each other without the need for additional words.

When all the worldly figures sat around the Prophet Muhammad, the valley of light turned into an assembly of wisdom. No one feels higher, no one feels inferior. They are all mirrors that reflect wisdom in different directions, but each light returns to the same source.

Muhammad looked at them one by one." Humans seek the truth in various ways," he said. But the truth is not much; it just looks different from various far and near."

Buddha bowed down. Krishna smiled. Laozi closed his eyes. Confucius tidied up his cloak. Socrates breathed a sigh of relief. Zoroaster raised his little fire.

And the light merged.

Burāq flapped his wings. The Prophet Muhammad rose again.
The assembly of light faded, but the wisdom of their meeting still reverberated throughout nature.

On the way back, the Prophet said quietly so that only the wind could hear him:

"All light comes from Him, and to Him all return."

And the whole world became brighter because of it.

An Assembly of Boundless Light

(Long Version — A Poetic Philosophical Story of the Prophet Muhammad's Meeting with Seekers of Truth Throughout the Ages)

Burāq stops on a plain that is not describable by human language. In that place, time is like a fog that has not yet been decided whether it will be morning or dusk. Light moves slowly, not from the sun, but from something more subtle, closer to the origin of all light.

The Prophet Muhammad sat on soft ground that did not have a certain color; The land follows whoever walks on it. Sometimes it looks white like snow, sometimes golden like desert sand, sometimes green like the valley of Sham. It was as if the plain remembered all the places that man had ever trodden, and he emitted them all at once.

Burāq is speechless. He stood still, as if he understood that the Prophet was waiting for guests who only came when called by fate.

The Prophet closed his eyes. Not for sleep. Not to rest. But to hear the echo of the steps of truth that spread from different ages. In that silence, it feels like the worlds are beginning their journey to a point.

And in the deepest silence, space changes.

A gentle mist descends from the sky without wind. From within the fog came a slow step, a step that did not press the ground but merged with it. From behind the siege of light appeared a calm man, sitting under a Bodhi tree that grew suddenly on the empty plain. The tree emits a lushness that does not come from the soil, but from consciousness.

Siddhartha Gautama—the Buddha—looked at the Prophet Muhammad with eyes that reflected the depths of his thousands of meditations. There was no surprise. There are no surprises. It was as if the meeting had happened since the first silence was created.

He cupped his hands, not as a ritual, but as a recognition of the presence of a great soul before him. The Prophet Muhammad replied with a greeting that flowed like water that found his home.

The Buddha spoke quietly, as silent as silk falling to the ground." Serenity is the goal of all searches."

The Prophet replied, "And true peace comes from knowing who governs every destiny, even though people often forget."

The Buddha smiled with a smile that was barely visible, yet warmed the whole plain." You bring a conviction that gives direction. I bring a silence that gives clarity. Both soothe suffering."

The Prophet looked at the glittering Bodhi tree. "Your people seek light from within. My people found the light coming down from the sky. We meet at the point where heaven and heart greet each other."

Buddha closed his eyes. At that moment, the plains became silent like an unspoken prayer. And the Bodhi tree slowly faded, as if it had returned to its original place.

When the fog cleared, the ground shook gently like the drum music of an ancient land. The sound of trumpets and the clinking of metal was audible, but it was not terrifying—it was like a human memory of courage.

Suddenly, a gold-wheeled chariot appeared. The horses shone like a descending star. Krishna stood on it, holding a horse's leash with a hand that radiated peace despite the battlefield surrounding him.

Muhammad climbed into the chariot, and the world slowly turned into the expanse of the Kurukshetra field—not as depicted in the war story, but as the picture of the human mind: full of doubt, courage, anger, love, and never-ending moral choices.

Krishna looked at the Prophet Muhammad with a wide smile, like a river that welcomes the first rain.

"The truth must be fought," he said. And the real struggle is the struggle against the shadow within."

The Prophet looked at the unbroken terrain." And when man forgets that he is at war with himself, he begins to hurt other men."

Krishna nodded, picking up the flute that emerged from the light." My flute reminds humans that war without love is destruction. You teach that love without infirmity is weakness."

The first note of the flute echoed, and the entire field turned into a sea of soothing colors.
The train slowly faded, but the sound of the flute remained in the air, like advice that did not want to leave.

The wind brings the scent of leaves, bamboo, and mountain mist. The valley turns into a quietly flowing riverbank. An old buffalo came slowly, and on it sat a man with a white beard and very soft eye highlights.

Laozi.

He descended from the buffalo, looked at the Prophet with a gaze that did not judge, did not question, did not conclude—only received as water received its form of a container.

"The soft overcomes the hard," he said suddenly, like a saying that had been waiting for the right moment for a long time.

The Prophet Muhammad smiled. "And a clear heart beats a thousand complicated rules."

Laozi sits on a rock near the river." Rivers never quarrel. It flows. Switch on. Finding his way without being forced."

The Prophet sat beside him." And man will find his way when he ceases to fight against his Lord."

Laozi stares at the river that reflects light without the sun." You teach man to flow with revelation. I taught to flow with the Tao. Maybe they're both in the same direction of the same wind."

The Prophet nodded.

The river suddenly glowed, reflecting the shadows of the two of them—not as two humans, but as two points of light side by side.

Heavy but orderly steps were heard from a distance. An old man in a long robe and a bamboo book by his side walked slowly.
Confucius appeared, bringing the elegance of a teacher who lost his students but did not lose love for them.

He bowed his head to the Prophet Muhammad, not as a follower, but as a fellow seeker of wisdom.

"Improving the world starts with improving ourselves," he said.

The Prophet replied, "And improving oneself begins with the justification of the heart."

Confucius seemed moved." Virtue becomes direction. You made that direction light."

The Prophet smiled softly." And you teach that a rule without gentleness is violence. Gentleness without rules is chaos."

Confucius let out a long sigh, as if he had found something that had been lost for a long time." Perhaps if I lived in your time, I would sit in the first row of Medina to listen to your words."

The valley became clear again. Confucius walked backwards, and his shadow stretched out like an old prayer.

Suddenly there was the sound of slippers dragging dust. Socrates appeared with a face full of questions, like someone who wanted to ask a question but also knew that the answer was near.

He looked at the Prophet deeply." My whole life has been a question," he said. And every question I have brings more doubts."

The Prophet replied, "Honest doubt is a sign that the heart is seeking the truth."

Socrates stared at the ground." I was often hated for asking too many questions."

The Prophet smiled, "And I am often hated for bringing answers."

Socrates chuckled—a laugh that broke thousands of years of philosophical silence." If I had met you earlier, perhaps I would not have died of poison, but died of peace."

The Prophet patted him on the shoulder." Your question makes the world ready to accept the answer I bring."

And for the first time in thousands of years, Socrates seemed completely calm.

Then the Persian sky dimmed. A holy flame burned from a distance. Zoroaster walked closer with an aura of light gathering around him like a protective circle.

He lifted up the little fire." Truth and falsehood are always at war."

The Prophet replied, "The battle is in every soul."

Zoroaster looked at the fire, then looked at the Prophet." You came to perfect the battle. You have given mankind a compass that never wavers."

The desert wind swirled as if approving of those words.

The sky faded into softness. From a distance, a man with a face full of love walks closer—Jesus.And from the other side, a man walks steadily with a rod—Moses.

Jesus said: "Love heals the wounds of men." Moses said: "The law lifts man out of adversity."

The Prophet Muhammad looked upon both with brotherly love." Grace binds the two. Without mercy, the law is violence. Without law, love is weakness."

The three embraced for a moment—a hug that never happened in the real world, but happened in the world of light, so that the real world would understand its meaning.

All the figures—Buddha, Krishna, Laozi, Confucius, Socrates, Zoroaster, Jesus, Moses—gathered in a circle of light, like the stars that finally realized that they came from the same sun.

The Prophet Muhammad stood in their midst. Ripples of light radiated from where he was standing.

"Humans seek the truth in hundreds of ways," he said. But the truth is one. There are a lot of walks."

Buddha bowed down. Krishna smiled. Laozi closed his eyes.
Confucius tidied up his cloak. Socrates breathed a sigh of relief. Zoroaster raised his fire. Isa smiled softly. Moses stood firm.

And their light fused. Each reflects a different color, but when combined, the color becomes one: white that cannot be broken by any rainbow.

Burāq spread his wings.

The Prophet rode it back.
The assembly of light fades slowly, like a dream that does not disappear, but leaves behind a trace of beauty that is more real than reality.

On his way back to the human realm, the Prophet Muhammad whispered, "All light is from Him. All truth will come back to Him."

And the world became a little brighter after that.

STORY CONTINUATION (Long Section, Philosophical, and Poetic)

The fine wind moved again, as if it were breathing. The space becomes wider, like the horizon stretching itself to accommodate the conversation that is about to be born.

The Prophet Muhammad looked around him. The shadows of the past still sit there, but now they seem more alive, more real, as if they are no longer figures in history, but echoes of consciousness that have gathered to listen to something greater than themselves.

The Buddha looked at the Prophet with an almost invisible smile, like a timid line of light.

Buddha said: "O Muhammad, I left the palace to find silence.
You left the cave to bring sounds. We stand on the same two poles: consciousness is a spring, but the flow of the river is a different path."

The Prophet Muhammad replied softly,
not exalting himself, not condescending others.

The Prophet said: "Your silence has become a well, Siddhartha.
But humans—many of them—didn't have time to sit by the lake. They had to walk, trade, raise children, rule the country, face tyranny and hunger. I have come to bring a way for those who do not have time to sit quietly as you do."

The Buddha lowered his head, eyes closed, as if understanding.

Krishna, who sat cross-legged beside the coachman, was not seen looking at the Prophet.

The faint trembling of the sound of the ancient war trumpets was still felt in the air.

Krishna said: "Man sometimes does not have the luxury of avoiding the battlefield.
You have lifted up your sword, but your hand has not been overcome by anger. The Dharma flows from courage, not from victory."

The Prophet Muhammad looked at Krishna with a clear gaze like a spring flowing undisturbed by rocks.

The Prophet said: "War is only a storm, not a destination.
What I am looking for is not a battlefield, but a change of heart. There is no blood I am looking for, but a door to go home."

Krishna nodded slowly.

Laozi, who had been sewing the wind with his gaze earlier, finally spoke.

Laozi said: "You are like a river that does not force, but always arrives at the sea. The Tao walks through your simple steps:
feeding orphans, buying slave freedom, reconciling two quarrelling people. This is the most authentic 'wu wei'."

The Prophet Muhammad looked at Laozi softly.

The Prophet said: "The Tao is a path without a name. I bring the name to the Incomparable.
But the way is still the way—it calls men home in their own way."

Laozi smiled faintly, as if to say without a word, *"yes, this is our meeting point."*

Confucius stroked his long beard.

Confucius said: "I teach li, politeness, ritual as a way to form virtue.
You teach morals—I see this is the brother of my teachings."

The Prophet replied: "Manners are the door of morality, but not the home. The house of morality is a heart that submits to the Almighty and cares for people even when no one is looking."

Confucius stopped rubbing his beard. Silence.
It was as if he had found something he had been looking for.

Socrates, who had been busy talking to himself ever before, finally turned his head.

Socrates said: "I seek the truth by question.
You came with answers."

The Prophet smiled, looking at him warmly.

The Prophet said: "Your question opens the door, Socrates.
But there is a house after the door.
And there is the sky after the house.
Every step is necessary, and every step has its time."

Socrates was silent for a long time—this time not because he was out of questions, but because he had found a calm he had never found in the streets of Athens.

Moses leaned on his staff, hard as the desert, firm as lightning.

Moses said: "I bring a stubborn people.
You brought the people with deep wounds.
But our task is the same: to break the heart stone by revelation."

The Prophet Muhammad looked at Moses as if he were looking at an old brother who was full of bitter but noble experiences.

The Prophet said: "Every ummah is a mirror for their prophet.
Your people test your strength.
My people have tested my patience."

Moses laughed—a short, heavy, but sincere laugh.

Jesus (Jesus), soft as the morning dew, looked at the Prophet with quiet love.

Jesus said: "I teach love as a way.
You teach justice as a pillar.
Both are necessary so that human houses do not collapse."

The Prophet Muhammad looked at him with a reverence that surpasses words.

The Prophet said: "Love without justice is a weakness.
Justice without love becomes violence. God asked me to combine the two."

Jesus lowered his head, as if in approval with the warm light.

Zoroaster held a small fire in his hand.

Zoroaster said: "You came after thousands of years of man seeking light. And you bring a light that never goes out."

The Prophet replied:

The Prophet said: "Fire is a symbol, not God.
But light is the language we share—
the light of good works, the light of honesty, the light of hope."

THEN SILENCE

Henning is long, like the end of the surah. No one spoke.
Even the sounds of nature restraint themselves.

Then the Prophet Muhammad stood up, looking at all the wisdom figures of the world.

His voice was quiet, yet it seemed to bounce from all directions:

"All of you are a mirror for humanity.
But I was sent to put the mirrors together so that man might see his own face clearly."

Buddha closed his eyes; Krishna bowed down; Confucius put the two hands together; Laozi smiled; Socrates was silent; Moses grasped his rod more tightly; Jesus put his hands on his chest; Zoroaster kept the flame in his palm.

Time begins to fade. The space slowly docked again. The long dialogue became an echo. And the Buraq that the Prophet was waiting for appeared in the distance—breaking through the layers of time.

The Prophet prepared to ascend.
But before leaving, he left a single sentence that hangs between history and eternity:

"Truth is not born of a single voice,
but of the unity of voices that return to the One."

And the assembly disappeared like a mist touched by dawn.